

PEAZY IS A...



BAD COMRADE

POEMS

PISSING MYSELF IN ROTHKO CHAPEL/MONEY, LIFE, BALD-HEADED
WIFE/I AM A MARXIST-LENINIST/TELL 'EM WHY U MAD/THE
MATERIAL CONDITION MY CONDITION WAS IN/INSIDE U THERE ARE
TWO TANKIES (COMPANION PEACE)/VISION BOARDING MY QUEST TO
BECOME A MASSIVE FUCKING HIMBO/SUCK A DICK, SUCK A DICK, SUCK
A BIG FAT DICK (I AM A VOCAL STIMMER)/SHITTING MYSELF ON MY
WAY TO THE SHITTER/ANARKIDDIES FUCK OFF/I LIKE BEING
IGNORANT AS SHIT/UNALIVING MYSELF ON THE ALTAR OF BOUGIE LIB
SMUG SELF-SATISFACTION/FLAIR UP, RIGHTOID/TROLLING/NICHOLAS
CAGE IN *BAD LIEUTENANT*/DATING IN THE TIME OF "END STAGE
CAPITALISM" OR WHATEVER/I AM AN ALCOHOLIC/BAD COMRADE/I DO
LOVE YOU

**PISSING MYSELF IN ROTHKO CHAPEL/College was not
A complete waste
Pretty girls
Ratioed ugly dudes
Something in the water
It was booze
If I learned
Nothing else
I learned
Sun + spirits
Make sickening
Bedfellows
To stumble thru
Undesire-pathed grass
Into the dark
Limbs “loving me not”
Of aesthetically lighted
Color fields
Cold yet somehow
Inviting
No wonder
Rothko
Sliced himself up
No wonder
He was never
Not drunk
On hubr-ego
Each painting
A still-warm body
(Dead dead dead but beautiful)
I pissed myself
Sleeping
A two semester long
Hobby**

**MONEY, LIFE, BALD-HEADED WIFE/I wish y'all'd
Stop pretending
Old Dirty Chinese Restaurant
Was anything more
Than a passing fancy
A bloody, mangled ass
Human trainwreck
You could gawk at &
Genuflect
To
To
Because of one song
He made MTV news
I bet you thought it was cute
To watch a man
Disintegrate
In front of you
For your entertainment
But now
It's time to pay
Loose your raiments
Of anything of value
We're waiting
We're waiting
Finger guns
To empty heads
The bald-headed bitch
Needs her wig**

I AM A MARXIST-LENINIST/After a few drinks
You might convince me
To accept Dick Suckery
Or Suck Dickery
(MIGHT)
I watched a woman
Older, a college adjunct
I could tell
'Cause she probably wears
That get-up
To all her social-cum-binge
Events
Bet she calls them "to-dos"
Anyways
I watched her deliver
A slurred oral essay
About how "Rethuglicans"
Are dumb
& that socialism is when
The government
Does stuff
"Like, why are you driving
On roads if you hate socialism,
Ya dumb bitch"
I then said
"I like it when she drinks"
& they all looked at me like they
Didn't know me
But they did
They knew someone
Like me
Anyways
Anyways,
I said, "that's not socialism,"

Tho.”
& suddenly came the hand waving
And the vocal objections
To the right winger in their space
Except,
“I’m not a right winger,
No, not a rightoid at all”
I’m a dishwasher
An artist
A glory hole enthusiast
(And those aren’t for the tall)
But Socialism is not the
Government doing shit
Anyways
This whole thing
Was supposed to be a setup
For a joke about Dick Sucking
But I got lazy
Fuck idealistic
Utopian libs
Sniveling ultra-leftys
& Activist shills

TELL ‘EM WHY U MAD/I always say
The difference between
An excuse and a reason
Is whether or not
You give a shit
About who is
Demanding answers
(Thus seeking
Some flavor
Of absolution)
The former requires
A kind of posture of

Penance
While the latter
Is fervently
Matter-of-fact
Anyways
All this shit just
Inspires in me
A desire to drink

THE MATERIAL CONDITION MY CONDITION WAS IN/I don't know
If any of y'all noticed
But giving so much
Shits
About copious
(All consuming) cultural
Nonsense lacking any
Bearing on whether or not
You or your family &
Comrades can eat
Is so much pissing
Against the wind
You're starving,
Motherfucker,
& yet
You seem so focused
On having
The most "legit"
Opinions
Honestly,
Who gives a fuck (?)
I too,
Am just waiting for
Canandaigua Wine Co to
Incorporate BLM or Pride
Into their flavor scheme

Somehow
'Cause then
I can get ignorantly
Drunk
& feel as if
I'm making a difference
Potable protest
Trained Marxist
Read Lenin (or something)

INSIDE U THERE ARE TWO TANKIES (COMPANION PEACE)/The first one
Doesn't count
We all know
The libs will
Box u in
Before the rightoids
Even know
Ur name
Hush and shush
Be fucking quiet
Tankie
Bitch
Authoritarian
Snitch
Something
Something
Human rights
Abercrombie & Fitch
Corporatism
or
Consumerism
Pride flag (?)
Who cares
Ideological purity
Is what truly

Pwns the rich

VISION BOARDING MY QUEST TO BECOME A MASSIVE FUCKING
HIMBO/The incels were wrong
& always will be
'Cause if you think it
You can will it
Into being
(This "secret" is free)
Boy, you need a friend
Not a fuck meet
(Again) you need security
Not pussy
But if you had it
You wouldn't know
What to do with it
You couldn't pleasure
The most sensitive
Hedonist
But me (?)
I'm almost a man
Something really close
Anyways
I made a poster board
Collage
& drew money
& perfect (human) proportions
Upon it
You: the biggest tits
Me: the strongest jaw
Six pack
The biggest fuck you to
Y'all
Under my pillow
If I'm dreaming it

I can be it
I can be it
I don't discriminate
I care not about blonde
Beckys
& ripped Chads
I like fat girls
Amazonian
Figures at full
Dark skin
Lite skin
Skinny ones
Short and all
I'm going to love
Whoever I'm in

SUCK A DICK, SUCK A DICK, SUCK A BIG FAT DICK (I AM A VOCAL STIMMER)/I really want
To blame this
On capitalism
But something is just
Wrong inside of me
To think of the dumbest
Shit
& to express it
Loudly & proudly
Minus the convention
Of thought
My baby mama
Would pat me on the head
Say "there, there"
But she's touch averse
So she judges
From afar
Lips projecting

**Oddly loving
Derogations
Landing as
Witticisms
& I'm myself
Loath to ask
Is this love (?)
That I'm feeling (?)**

**SHITTING MYSELF ON THE WAY TO THE SHITTER/I'm always late
To every responsibility
I never asked for
So it tracks
That when the
Involuntary
Necessity
Of shitting
Stirs in my guts
There too
I am late
To the socially acceptable
Spaces in which
The act is
Performed
& as such
Shit all over myself
In a pathetic
Act of defiance**

**ANARKIDDIES FUCK OFF/Some of these weirdo
Fuckin' adventurists
Dreaming of brick hugs
& Molotov kisses
I fuck with them
For shits & giggles**

**In their punky little costumes
I push their buttons
Their stupid fucking
Buttons,
(Sound and Fury shit)
I put it to them
That they're more incoherent
Than they believe they are
Lifestyle choices
Are not personalities
And personalities are
Insufficient political
Actors,
The personal is not
Political,
Hierarchies occur
Naturally
(It's wild)
(U gonna tell me u don't
Compartmentalize &
Prioritize accordingly the
Partners in your wack
Ass lil polycule or
Whatever?)
& instead of worrying
About philosophically
Disembodying
Theoretical concepts
Such as praxis
Or harm reduction
Part of the framework
Of a milquetoast rebellion
More resembling
Consumerism
Than revolution**

(They should)
Stop talking so much
Read more
(They must)
Consider that they
Exist more confidently
(Read:) insufferably
In online spaces
Because they are
Inveterate,
Occasionally terminal
Anti-socials
Who bristle at any interaction
That doesn't suit
Their entire world view
Or are else, at least privately,
(As they are pussies)
Hostile to
(Verbal chest puffery,
Cyberpunkian bluster,
Emojis, videos of
Fash punching
All the antagonism
A LARPer afraid of their
Own shadow
Can muster)
Any interactive
Expectation as encroachment
Mind,
Body,
Soul

**I LIKE BEING IGNORANT AS SHIT/I am not a
Nice guy
I'm a jackass
An unrepentant
Dipshit
An inveterate
Alcoholic
& honestly
I'm not proud
Cries for help
However
Tend to remain
Unanswered
Going back
To the third line
Which I don't like
Don't tell me
What not to do
Tell me
What you want
I like being
Ignorant as shit
I like it
Love it
Not one bit
Lots of bites
From one
Insect
Or another
But none
From a
Trusted lover**

UNALIVING MYSELF ON THE ALTAR OF BOUGIE LIB SMUG
SELF-SATISFACTION/Bitch

Who u canceling

Now (?)

Who u canceling

Now (?)

I mix

Barbiturates

w/

Booze (lol, mayhaps)

To forget my

Name

U always

Got wrong

It's patrick

Not pat

Mom is pat

Dad is pat

I'm me

Fuck u

Fuck u

Hypocrite

I can't

Keep track

Of all those

U wish to

Lose

In the haze

Of having the

"Correct"

Opinions

Righteous anger

At systems & institutions

Energy devoid

Of action

**Wasted
Drunk
On signaling
That which
Requires
Something
More
Unatomized
Collectivized
With some
Historical
Fucking
Perspective
Yet u say
There's nothing
To prove &
Nothing owed
Fuck me
& fuck the
Clique that I
Claim
Or something
(A rose by any other
Name)
But it's just me
patrick
Not pat
Not pat
I'm feeling
Violent
Please believe
That**

FLAIR UP, RIGHTOID/Dear fucker

I know you

Despite not knowing

You at all

& I wanted to say

Something off rip

About

Having your

Cake

& eating it too

(Well no shit!)

But I knew

Nothing could get

Through to you

& I wanted to read

Fast as I could

& still be intelligible

Why I did

Was anyone's guess

To the dumbest ideas

A subscription

To the shittiest

Suggestions

A resounding

Yes

Perhaps you truly

Believe it noble

To uphold the

Individual

Over the collective

But I've seen your

"Work"

For you & only you

**& those like you
(No shit)
It's always an elective**

TROLLING/Dear fucker (cont.)

Your bizarro lamentations

Have fallen not

Upon unhearing ears

But aren't you

Confused (?)

The tradlife you

So espouse

Is nigh on fucking

Impossible

With these wages

In this economy

Cigarettes are anywhere

From 10-20\$ a pack

Depending on where

One chain smokes them

& don't get me started

On booze

Seriously

Don't make me drink

I'll only

Curse

Your competing masters

Money & the LORD

GOD

Oh god

Oh god

Oh god

Oh god

She'll half-heartedly

Sarcastically moan

(Like a grumble,
Kinda)

I'm totally not going

To come

In fact I may leave

(Lack of cash flow

Being the root of all

Fucklessness)

Mourning the

Children

Unconceived

I'm starting to think

You not-so-secretly

Enjoy this

The proletarian rabble

Unable to make

Sex of their

Incoherent babble

Passing for courtship

Too tired

Long hours

Exploited by useless

Fuckwits

& still

You lament

NICHOLAS CAGE IN *BAD LIEUTENANT*/The hand-cannon

As extension

Of one's dick

Would be

A neat little

Party trick

If everyone

Didn't already

Suspect

A dearth of girth
Between the thighs
I want to be
So strung out
I feel nothing
Especially not
Alive

DATING IN THE TIME OF “END STAGE” CAPITALISM OR WHATEVER/This girl
Brought a flask
To spike her coffee
She was “Caribbeanning”
It up
She claimed
Extending
Offering the
Libational vessel
With a devilish
Grin
An extension
Of a rightoid’s
Wet dream
Of women
Ever bound
To the ignominy of
Original sin
Get her to a
Nunnery (!)
They scream
No
They argue
(Amongst themselves)
She is not a she
She is a he

Yes
Well
Actually
She was
A he
& now
All the kids
Are confused
A man in a woman's
Space is quite
Unseemly
We hate men
At least the ones
Who don't want to be men
Anyways
We don't wanna
Hear this shit
About you
Not having money
For a family
No one told you
To be poor
Get a better job
Fight the culture war
(Not the economic one)
Also
Make sure you tip
Your landlord
So yeah
I love the taste
Of Haitian rum
I ditched the coffee
Hours ago

I AM AN ALCOHOLIC/In

Before some

Teetotaler

With an ascetic

Aesthetic

Beats me to it

All judgey & shit

& they don't even

Believe in god

(LMAO)

Secularized

Puritanism

Gussied up

In progressivism

They say

"Your problem

Has become

My problem"

& that is

Problematic

I assure you

I don't drink

Necessarily

Because

cAp1t4L1sM

But it's a factor

I don't drink

Because

I'm bored

But it's a factor

Self-medicative

It's the coping

Self-soothing

I am after

The personal

**Is not political
But the political
Can be personal
If you're
Depressingly sober
Enough
To check the books
& sometimes
They don't even
Hide the fact
They are fucking you
Kissless
Either way
I am an alcoholic
Hardly true
(That)
What I say
Can be trusted**

I DO LOVE YOU/I'm saying

**Nothing
You've not
Heard before
I do love you
It's not just
An anachronism
Several score
Old
Old like me
Old
Like the stories
Passed from the lips
Of elders
To the wet ass ears
Of ever-aging youth**

Remember (?)
When an hour
Used to feel
Like an eternity (?)
& those rollie pollies (sp?)
Seemed so
Interesting
& now all you
Wish is that
You could be them
To ball yourself up
Protected from
All the bullshit
Because you're too
Broke
To drink yourself
Into a stupor
& recite tonterías
You'll apologize for
Sober
Even though you
Know
You'd do it all again
Given the coin
I do love you
It's just that
I need to
Love myself too
Tall order
I know
But like, that's
The thing
(Isn't it?)
Looking inward
Is sure to reveal

**Some demons
Or else
Shadow folks
Long murdered
Ghosts
Fuck
An asshole
Who loves you
The most
& it reminds me
What if the
Outside is worse (?)
Assholes
Perpetually
Loving the least
Partners
Who become
Ersatz therapists
Abusive pop-culturalists
Devoid of
Material analysis
Your individualness (not ism)
Is sick
You share freckled
Fair flesh
With a raging narcissist
I shudder to picture
What your liver
Looks like
I won't even comment
On your lungs
Killing yourself
When others
Have it worse
How dare you (?)**

Sir
Are you even
Listening (?)
Nah,
I'm not
I'm just doing
The math
In my head
As to how
I will afford
All my vices
Until the next
Check
But I do love you
It's just
I love myself less
I'm trying
To remember
The time
You asked
If I thought you
A whore
& how I said no
I walked home
& thought of all
My pasts
A city full of conversations
Had with myself



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